

# RESTORATION



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## Newspaperman Walks Through The Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

Yes; many people have passed through the Blue Door of Friendship House, and brought with them strange stories and adventures. But, come to think of it, none is stranger than the one brought by a newspaperman named Eddie Doherty, who entered the Blue Door one day strictly on business, came back through it often because of a deep wonderment at what he found behind it, and finally entered it—in a manner of speaking—for the last time. Now he lives on the inside of it. His coming through that door brought him and me a love story, a true one, not only to be written about, but also to be fully lived, in the ever joyous bonds of marriage.

### Almost Missed Mrs.

Yet he almost missed finding the Blue Door. When he was commissioned by Liberty Magazine to write a series of articles on the strangest city within a city . . . HARLEM—WITHIN NEW YORK . . . he went looking for me, as I was supposed to have the so called "low down" on things in Harlem. He sought me at my apartment, the door of which was painted, by an utterly un-artistic landlord, a dirty green.

However, accidentally (or through the design of Providence) he took the wrong turn when he came out of that building, and that brought him to our Blue Door. He entered it, so he said, on a hunch, for the only address he had was that of my apartment.

There was I, sitting right where I always sat — at my desk.

What happened thereafter, has been told by Eddie in a book called **TUMBLEWEED**, which, in a manner of speaking, combines my biography and our romance. I have not read it yet, for who wants to read what they live? But I have heard that it was a best-seller.

The book was, however, responsible for a flood of letters, which I DID read, and which, disturbed me so much that, after much prayer, I have decided to answer them in this issue of Restoration. Letters, like them still come trickling my way, after all these years.

The question in those letters that disturbed me most concerns itself with the **ECCLESIASTICAL ANNULMENT** of my marriage to Baron Boris de Hueck. **MAY GOD REST HIS SOUL, FOR HE DIED AFTER IT WAS GRANTED.**

### They Suspect Court

Frankly, I am not at all disturbed by the curiosity of so many, many Catholic lay-folks, nuns, and priests. Aren't we human, one and all? But I was, and still am, much disturbed by the **PRINCIPLE OF THE WHOLE THING**. For many of the letters questioned the validity of the Ecclesiastical Court, not directly, but in a sort of indefinite and indirect manner. For instance, one nun stated that because of the many questions asked by her pupils she felt it

would be best to take **TUMBLEWEED** out of the College Library.

Of course she was utterly free to do so. But to me the reason she presented was but another instance of a rather strange state of mind that prevails amongst us Catholics even to this day.

Ecclesiastical annulments are part and parcel of our holy Faith. IF THE CHURCH WHICH WE BELIEVE IS DIVINELY APPOINTED TO DEAL WITH ALL QUESTIONS OF FAITH AND MORALS (AND MARRIAGE IS MOST ASSUREDLY INCLUDED HERE) FINDS, THROUGH HER OFFICIALLY APPOINTED COURTS, AFTER YEARS OF STUDYING EACH PARTICULAR CASE, THAT ANY MARRIAGE IS NULL AND VOID IN THE EYES OF GOD . . . then why should teachers not face this fact and candidly, as well as simply, teach the whole **DOCTRINE OF NULLITY OF CERTAIN MARRIAGES**, as taught by the Church?

### Know The Truth

**TRUTH NEVER CONFUSES ANYONE . . . IT SETS MINDS FREE.** And it would most assuredly help those young people to clarify the whole vital and holy question of marriage, including the matter of annulments by the Church. For to my way of thinking, there is nothing about marriage, as treated by the Church and Her divine Founder, that could or should be withheld from anyone. All **PRINCIPLES** pertaining to it should be clearly stated and defined. To do otherwise seems foolish.

As to individual cases like mine — their whys and whereofs — they are, of course, open to inquiry to any duly accredited authority, if and when the disclosing of all the details is needed by them.

But these details are, frankly, unimportant. For once it is clearly understood, as it should be, that I (like quite a few others) received my decree of nullity from the highest Ecclesiastical Court — called the **ROTA** — located in Rome itself — inquirers would understand that the reasons for the decree should remain a secret between the court and me, and also be-

tween God and the Pope — through whose hands such matters are dealt with.

### Read The Book

If the reasons satisfied him who is the head of the Church, it seems to me they should be accepted without question by my fellow Catholics; and most assuredly should not be disclosed in all their details.

And a book that frankly and openly states the fact that my first marriage was found **NULL AND VOID BY THE HOLY ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH** need not

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



necessarily be withdrawn from the library shelves of our colleges and schools. It might, rather, be used as a springboard to a full explanation of the whole important and vital question of the **CHURCH'S TEACHINGS REGARDING ALL THINGS PERTAINING TO MARRIAGE.**

I know this has been done by most schools and colleges. But there are exceptions. I have, truly, quite a collection of letters to prove that.

Having had this on my mind, for quite a while, I decided to deal with it while writing of the greatest adventure that came to me personally through the Blue Door . . . the newspaperman — named Eddie Doherty . . . to whom I was married by Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago, on a glorious June day — June the 25th, 1943, to be exact.

Someday, maybe I will tell you how Eddie met Lady Poverty behind our Blue Door, and what happened to him.



## Date Night, The Night Before Sunday

By Lorraine Fecteau

So . . . It's Saturday night — date night in America. Saturday night — but you're not going anywhere. Where could you go, here in the back bush? No place. Nope! There's no date for you to-night. The mood descends. It sits on you and taunts, "You're all alone. You ain't goin' no place!"

### I'm So All Alone

You sit there alone, in the frame cabin. It's warm, but your hands are cold. You look out the window into the black ink of a night, unrelieved by moon or stars. You can't see a thing out there, not a thing. You know the cabin is surrounded by a bush. But at night—

You think of the bush at night, and you're glad to be inside the little room. And you're glad to have the timid company of the coal-oil lamp that makes shadows on the wall. You watch the shadows twisting and writhing. They look as if they're dancing — and you remember again that it's Saturday night. You wish you could listen to some music, and you strain your ears for a sound. No sound. It maddens you. The bush is silent and black — like an invisible ogre, confident and waiting, fiendishly thumbing the edge of his knife — carefully hidden and waiting — making no sound.

Then your ears catch something. It is the oil stove. You listen harder and you hear it burning, statically. It chuckles and chortles to itself. It's silent again. So you sit there and you close your eyes. You try to pray. "OH GOD . . ." You remember other Saturday nights. You remember . . .

### Back In The Past

It's just beginning to get dark as you leave the office. You step out onto the street. It's cold and snowing a little. The pavement is wet and mucky. You wish you'd brought your rubbers. There are many people around you. They're all walking fast, anxious to get home to a hot supper. You realize you are hungry too. You see a street car, and you run for it. But it's too crowded! You keep on walking.

You're coming near Yonge Street. Yonge Street is exciting at this time of night. It fascinates you. You don't like it, but it fascinates you. "Rum-Row," they call it. It's not glamorous. It's not even pretty. But it's the main drag. It makes you laugh pathetically — because it reminds you of a kid who's proud of the buttons on his breeches. So darn proud!

Well, the buttons aren't so bad really.

### Button Day—Open Night

You look down Yonge Street. The neon signs are becoming brighter as night comes on. Theatre marquees, restaurants and bars, jewelry shops and fashions "For Madame." From somewhere you hear music — jazz. You recognize the piece and start humming to your-

self. Then a car horn blasts its warning beside you, and an angry overloaded street car growls up the tracks.

A dirty little newsboy stamps his feet, wipes his nose on his ragged sleeve, and hollers and bellows against the din and churning. He sounds hoarse and you feel sorry for him. He must be cold. A car starts up quickly. It passes through a puddle. The mud flies onto your coat. You feel annoyed — and you catch the tempo.

You stand at the car stop and you catch the tempo. This is it — the mounting excitement of Saturday night on Yonge Street. The hurried foot steps, the racing wheels on wet tar, the horns, the jazz, the call of the newsboy, the talk and laughter and profanity of the human sea that fumes and splashes around you. This is the tempo of the lights and the sounds and the forms that become confused and shapeless. This is the symphony that strains for the crescendo, that captures you in a tortured chord . . . and holds you suspended . . . waiting for the next passage.

But you can't wait for the next passage. You've got to get home. Fast. You have a date. It's Saturday night, and the guy is just your type. You remember what you wore that night. You DID look nice in your velvet skirt with that new, long-sleeved, nylon blouse.

### Then Sunday Comes

The movie isn't so good. But it feels kind of nice when he puts his arm around you. After the movie, you sit in the restaurant. He is interesting and you let him do most of the talking. You like his sense of humor, and the way he lights your cigarette, and the way he holds his cup of coffee.

You stub your cigarette on the saucer and look instinctively at your watch. Wow! It's twelve-thirty, and you promised not to be too late. Got to get up for Mass in the morning you know. Mass in the morning! It is after twelve and you have been drinking coffee. What about Communion? Gee! You really didn't want that third cup anyway! How come you forgot? How could you? You really wanted to go to Communion.

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

O CHRIST OF THE SLAVE CAMPS AND STOCKADES, AND THE DARK AND DANK PRISONS IN HOLY RUSSIA, AND BLEEDING CHINA... WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF US... THE CHILDREN OF YOUR BLINDING GOLDEN LIGHT AND LOVE... IN THIS NEW YEAR OF GRACE... WHICH THE INFINITE MERCY OF YOUR FATHER HAS GIVEN US ONCE AGAIN?

We who are yet free... well fed... and clothed in warm garments... whose children know neither fear nor cold as yet... what shall we give YOU, Christ in this year of grace, 1953? A handful of lip service? A dispensation for ourselves to the letter of the law, from all fasting, abstinence and mortification? A bodily presence at Sunday Mass? A divorce, complete and full, from our daily lives in the market... and a friendly reparation from too fervent observance of Your Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation. Shall we take but the husk of our religious belief into Your houses, leaving the substance lying outside the door of our hearts?

Or will our eyes be opened so wide to Your hunger, Your thirst, Your wounds, that we shall arise and visit You and serve You in all the prisons, stockades, and slave camps of the world... by fast and abstinence, by living to the hilt both the letter and the SPIRIT of Your law of Love? And, shall we, catching its fire, become fires ourselves that will warm and light the world and banish its darkness?

Shall the light bring us to our knees in prayer — through Mary — to your Father, who will then bend down to our contrite hearts and give us the keys that will open all prisons? And shall we make You free with all who dwell in prisons for Your sake?

Will You, finally, walk the paths our tears of contrition have made straight for You, Prince of All Peace? Will You give us Your peace in full... restore Holy Russia to your Fair Mother... and heal China of all her terrible wounds?

O CHRIST OF THE CITY SLUMS... THE FETID STREETS... THE RANCID DAYS... O CHRIST OF THE UN-COLLECTED GARBAGE CANS AMONG WHICH SLUM CHILDREN PLAY... O CHRIST OF THE TAR-PAPER SHACKS THAT HIDE THEIR THIN SCARRED FACES IN THE NORTHERN BUSH... O CHRIST, SO CLEARLY SEEN IN ALL THE FACES OF THE POOR THAT DWELL THERE... WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF US, THE CHILDREN OF YOUR PRECIOUS BLOOD, THIS YEAR OF GRACE WHICH THE INFINITE MERCY OF YOUR FATHER HAS GIVEN US AGAIN?

Will we continue to eat choice meats? And seek new beauty-rest beds? And worship gold and all that it can buy? And give a tithe of it to get soft rubber-foam pads for our kneelers in Your Church?

Will we keep up our mad race with the Jones? Better television sets, bigger cars, softer mink coats? Will we teach our children that pain is naught but sake become masks of paint? Will we devote ourselves evil, and that we must worship beauty, and for its to diets, curls, and dress, that is "just so"?

Will we calmly look on at your Golgotha and debate the price of a new housing project — and reject it because the cost is high and may upset our real estate?

Will we, because we want to shine in front of men, give to You, Christ of the city slums and the rural tar-paper shacks in the bush... some thirty coarse dented pennies for Your poor — and then wash our well manicured hands in scented waters, lest the germs that usually adhere to such lowly coins contaminate our precious selves?

Or shall we fall before You and adore You walking in the fetid streets and rancid days? And wash our sins with tears? And shall we arise, all white and clean, and start the New Year by throwing away all things that do not lead to You... throwing them as far away as our puny arms can throw?

And shall we then, embracing, at least in spirit, Our Lady Poverty, serve You in Your poor with love that will consume our hearts?

Oh, bring us new and bigger hearts to serve You with! Then this New Year will be indeed a year of grace... for us... and we will have a chance to thank Your Father, for this gift of time... someday soon, face to face!

O CHRIST WHO BLEEDS AND FALLS ON OUR CITY STREETS AND RURAL ROADS... GIVE US YOUR HELP TO MAKE THIS COMING YEAR... A YEAR OF GRACE.

## FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

Everybody knows that the devil can quote scripture as well as any saint. But the devil, today, is not only quoting from the Good Book, he is ewriting the Book itself, for some of his clients.

The newspapers and magazines have commented, rather calmly, on the fact that some non-Catholics are getting out a revised edition of Isaias, for instance, in which the prophet is made to say, not "... a virgin shall conceive and bear a son" ... but "a young woman shall conceive and bear a son."

### Devil Talks Japanese

Likewise a man in Japan, translating the King James, or some other non-Catholic edition of the Old Testament uses the words, "a young woman" instead of the word "Virgin."

Read the full text of the verse from Isaias and you will see that it is not only stupid to say "a young woman," but fiendish — that is to say hellish, diabolic, satanic, damnable, begging eternal damnation. The full text is as follows:

"Therefore, the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." That is the fourteenth verse in the seventh chapter of Isaias, according to the Douay version. The King James version is substantially the same. It uses the word Virgin.

Why should the fact that a young woman should conceive and bear a son be considered any great sign from the Lord, even if the child should be called Emmanuel?

But a Virgin conceiving and bearing a son — that is indeed a sign from the Lord!

The intent is to slight, or defame, or even to degrade, the Virgin Mother of God, if humanly or diabolically possible.

How afraid the devil must be of the Immaculate Virgin, to use such tricks!

### Clever, Stupid Devil

Lucifer wars continually against Mary — because he knows she will someday crush his scaly head. But he fears her so much he cringes at the sight of her pictures or her statues, and he folds his foul-smelling wings and vanishes at the mention of her name. He can attack her only through his dupes — such poor fools as those who seek to change Isaias' words so as to alter his meaning, so as to topple down the whole structure of Christianity, if possible.

For Christianity, it may be said, begins with that prophecy of the holy prophet. "Therefore, the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel."

If you succeed in making some other fools believe the correct translation is "young woman" instead of "virgin," you can easily make them believe Emmanuel might have been born of any woman, that Isaias wasn't much of a prophet, and that the Lord himself isn't much of a Lord.

### Will He Succeed?

Lucifer, master of a thousand disguises, thinks he can get away with this piece of stupidity and malice by making it appear new, modern, scientific, profound, and "guaranteed not Roman Catholic."

What will become of these men who dare to alter the words of Scripture, the words of God? What will become of these men who dare to attack Our Lady?

Nobody in heaven or earth can save them from the wrath of the Son of God, the Son of Mary — nobody but themselves, prostrate and contrite, kneeling in grief and shame and penance before the Virgin's altar, and imploring the mercy of her Father, her Spouse, and her Son.

What awful laughter there will be in hell when these pitiful fools eventually arrive to claim the ever lasting gratitude of the devil!

### Welcome To Hell!

The icy depths of hell will reverberate forever with the ridicule and the mockery of their fellow damned — who know now that God may not be mocked, especially about His Virgin Mother. "Hail Unwise Men of the East and West," the imps will greet them. "You followed faithfully the baleful star you sought. Welcome to the lowest pits of hell!"

What are we doing to counteract this sly manoeuvre of the devil?

The sons of St. Francis, in Chicago, are doing something in a big way. They are building a new church in the heart of the city's Loop. And someday — I may not say how I know this — they will open there a shrine to the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

There is a gigantic crucifix, carved in stone, on the front of the church. It looks down on the crowds passing along Madison Street, between Clark and LaSalle Streets, one of the busiest blocks in all the world. And, continually, day and night, groups of people stop, and look up at the agonized face of the Redeemer, and say a prayer — perhaps — before they hurry on.

### God Will Bless City

Surely God will bless Chicago, and every other city where the image of His dying Son is so publicly and so reverently displayed. It may be that because of the love shown by the Franciscans — and those they attract to the crucifix and the shrine — Chicago will fare better, in the day of Anti-Christ, than any other city in America. It is the only city, outside of Dublin, Ireland, so far as I know, in which people even contemplate a civic enthronement of the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

One doesn't have to be a Franciscan to honor God and Mary — nor a Chicagoan either. One doesn't have to be a priest or nun to fight the devil's dupes, and their phoney and blasphemous translations. One has only to live his religion fully. That is, one has only to love fully. Those who live the religion of love preach more powerful sermons than those who write or talk or carve or paint. They will bring more souls through the Gate of Heaven than those maggoty translators will lug with them into hell.

### To Hell With Satan

If we live the words of God, we ordinary Catholics, Satan will never succeed in trying to dilute or change them. If we live the words of God, no devil's translations will endure.

If we love Mary, the Virgin (Continued on Page Three)

## The B's Corner

EPIPHANY THE JOURNEY ACROSS VERDANT VALLEYS, MOUNTAINS, WIDE AND NARROW ROADS, DANGEROUS WATERS AND QUIET STREAMS, DESERTS AND FRUITFUL FIELDS — UNDERTAKEN BY THE MAGI BECAUSE OF AN IMMENSE AND STRANGE STAR WHICH THEY FOLLOWED, AND WHICH LED THEM TO A STABLE... A MAN... A WOMAN... AND A CHILD!

Epiphany... the Feast that in so many countries is called THE FAMILY FEAST. How did it come to be that unity that is the family?

### Stars In Their Eyes

Behold a man... behold a maid... as yet asleep in their youth and virginity. And then — see them awake — and find a strange and immense star in each other's eyes. Keep on looking, and you will see them pursue their journey through stormy seas and quiet waters, narrow and wide roads, deserts and verdant fields and valleys.

They too come to THE STAR-LIGHTED SHELTER... THAT IS AN ALTAR. There, dressed in beauty, they pledge their love.

How long a journey for the Magi, for the man and the maid? No one can tell. The Magi are dead. And man and maid... keep all of it to themselves.

THE MAGI WERE WISE... WITH THE WISDOM OF MAN AND GRACE. THEY FOLLOWED THE SONG OF THEIR WISDOM AND CAME WITHIN THE CENTER OF LIGHT... BLINDING LIGHT.

AND LIGHT BROUGHT FAITH... AND FAITH BROUGHT LOVE... AND LOVE GAVE GIFTS OF MYRRH... AND FRANKINCENSE... AND GOLD.

TWO EMPTIED LOVES MET... GOD'S... WHO EMPTIED HIMSELF IN A CHILD... MEN'S... WHO EMPTIED THEMSELVES OF ALL THAT WAS NOT LOVE... NOT GOD.

GOD, WHO IS LOVE, GAVE THE MAGI HIMSELF... A CHILD... THEY TOOK LOVE AWAY AND RETURNED WHENCE THEY CAME... AND AS THEY WENT... THEY BECAME LIGHTS... BECAUSE NOW THEY BURNED WITH LOVE.

THEY TRULY WERE HIS FIRST APOSTLES. THESE THREE GENTILES TO WHOM HE MANIFESTED HIMSELF ON THAT DAY... THEY CAME AND WENT... AND LEFT NO TRACE FOR MEN TO SEE.

BUT OH! THE BEAUTY OF THEIR FOOT STEPS IN THE SANDS OF TIME... VISIBLE TO GOD ALONE. HE LOVED IT SO THAT HE GAVE IT TO HIS BRIDE — THE CHURCH — TO CHERISH, AND TO LOVE, TO HAVE AND TO HOLD UNTO THE END OF TIME.

### She Holds Its Love

SHE CALLED IT EPIPHANY... AND HELD ITS WISDOM... FAITH... AND LOVE... FOR ALL HER COUNTLESS CHILDREN... THAT THEY MIGHT LEARN HOW TO TRAVEL FAR, LED BY THE IMMENSE AND STRANGE STAR OF FAITH... THAT LEADS TO THE FEET OF HIM WHO IS HER LOVE, OUR GOD.

The Man... the maid... pledged their love... and now you see. They bend and (Continued on Page Three)



## Story of A Search

By  
Rev. J. T. Callahan

*"The kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents:*

*The kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts:*

*And all kings of the earth shall adore him:*

*All nations shall serve him."*

Psalm 71, v 10-11.

Offertory of the Mass

The story of Epiphany is the story of a search. There is the search to discover — new and for the first time; and there is the search to find — anew, that which is lost. Melchior, Caspar, and Balthazar made a search to discover — new, and for the first time. And these three Magi, Oriental philosophers, potentates, and admitted astronomers, were successful. They found Christ — "and falling down they adored Him, and opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts." They found Christ.

### Search For Christ

The work of a Christian is to find Christ, and once found to nourish His likeness in that part of man that is most like God, man's soul; to build up the image of Christ within; to follow the example of Christ.

Now, our Lord and Savior, the same Jesus Christ, has shown Himself to us, first in His turning-toward the gentiles, in the Epiphany, or "showing-forth," (which is what the word EPI-PHANY means), to the mysterious magicians of the melodious names. He has allowed us to discover Him in Baptism, so for us it is a search, not like the Magi to discover — new and for the first time — but a search to find anew, that which is lost, for forgotten; a search to find Christ, put on Christ, configure ourselves to Him, build up within in the new man. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

How may we find Christ? There are many roads that lead to God, and the devout soul finds no trouble in keeping the treasure once found, the pearl of great price. But the distracted soul, the one lost in the maelstrom of modern worries, toil and fretting, the one straining at tremendous tiffles, the one giddied and dizzied in the dash for money, luxury, power and pleasure, sees through a "glass in a very dark manner." His search is a bit more difficult, but no ways impossible.

### And Find Him

The Searching Seers found the Babe of Bethlehem, living, breathing. Both the distracted and the devout soul may find Christ living. Even further, they may receive, may join to themselves, this same divine Lord. They, as all Christians, may find Jesus Christ, whole and entire, Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity, in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Never did the Magi hear this: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him."

In the daily life of any Christian, Christ may be found, from the time we awake and spiritually join ourselves to Him in our morning prayers; from the time we super-naturalize these very prayers, and words, and deeds of the day in the morning offering, by which we make of every

action, provided we enjoy the state of grace, a source of merit.

We can find Christ actually present in the Tabernacle where flickers and sways the lamp in a dance of love, when we stop on our way to or from work for a visit. Or we can join ourselves with our Lord, and offer up with Him and the priest, the Sacrifice of the Mass — that satisfaction may be made to God the Father for the sins of the world that bear a stream of insult to heaven and a torrent of souls to hell like the wave in the wake of a hurricane — that God the Son, Victim and Priest, the Lamb of God, may grant us peace — that we may say "Thank you" and "Please" for favors received and needed.

### Never Let Him Go

We can find Christ in obedience to our parents, in courtesy to our teachers, in reverence to our superiors, all of whom take Christ's place. We can find Christ in our every neighbor, as did the saints, be the neighbor dirty, diseased, or drunk, a scabby tramp, a broken bum, a hungry hobo; or as the Song of Praise of Tara says: "Christ in the heart of each I speak to,

Christ in the mouth of each to me speaking,

Christ in each eye which sees me,

Christ in each ear which hears me."

We can find Christ in our work, in the honesty with which we treat our employer or employees; in our language at office or shop or counter; in our reading — by shunning the salacious, obscene and vulgar — and in our recreation.

### FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

of Virgins, we will pray and do penance in reparation for all the insults offered her, and for those who offer them.

Nobody — let the word echo and re-echo from star to burning star throughout God's universe — nobody can prevent those devil's stooges from suffering eternity in hell, nobody but themselves in a moment of sincere contrition.

So let us pray for them. Your prayers and mine, sinful and weak as we are, can bring them to the moment of repentance, and thus achieve a triumph for Christ and Mary, who would save all sinners from their enemy — and ours. By prayer we can inflict a terrible defeat on Old Nausea, the prince of lies and liars, and give incomparable joy to heaven.

There's no better time to start than right now, beginning the new year. There aren't so many years left for either of us. For all you or I know, this may be the last one.

Which face will you see, after you close your eyes for the last time? That of the Son of the Virgin, or that of the master of hell?

### THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

lay their first gift at His tiny feet . . . FRANKINCENSE . . . that contains all their ecstasy and joy.

Time goes by, as men know time, and they are still in Bethlehem, kneeling before His Crib. And now He smiles and gives them back — a gift, for He is never outdone in generosity. He gives HIMSELF — in their first born child. And now like the

Holy Family — they too are three — A MAN . . . A WOMAN . . . AND A CHILD.

And time runs on, as men know time . . . and the gift of myrrh is laid at His holy feet. For their years are filled with it . . . the bitter sweet herb of pain shared . . . doubt vanquished . . . temptations overcome. They bend once more and empty themselves before His utter helplessness in the love they shared and know.

Smilingly He fills their hearts. Behold their wealth of children and of love . . . and yet, they still remain kneeling in the dim stable, on the straw. For they must lay the gold He gave them — all of it — at His feet.

They do . . . and now they arise and go . . . to show what they have seen and touched . . . to others.

Behold them now . . . they that were two, but are now many in one . . . apostles of love beheld . . . fulfilled, and fruitful.

The Husband and the Wife . . . now can take EPIPHANY . . . from the Church, His Bride, and make it their own . . . that they may give . . . a star to others on the way.

Yes, Epiphany is the feast of the family.

errand is only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' Then the woman came up and said, falling at His feet, 'Lord, help me.' He answered, 'It is not right to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs.'

"Ah yes, Lord," she said, 'the dogs feed on the crumbs that fall from the Master's table.' (Here is her humility: she does not ask for bread, she asks for crumbs. She does not say: I have a right to it, she says, 'the dogs . . . and Christ listens to her.)

And at that He answered her, "Woman, for this great faith of thine, let thy will be granted." And from that hour her daughter was cured.

### The Power Of Faith

"For that great faith of thine." How did she manifest her faith? First by proclaiming Him the Messiah: "Lord, thou Son of David." Then by her absolute trust in His power to grant her request. This we see in all the miraculous cures of Jesus whether one prays for oneself or for another, the one who prays says: "Lord, Thou canst do it." Finally, and this is what Jesus praises and what He rewards, she shows her faith by her insistence. Twice rebuked;

## THE FAMILY FRONT



### Lord, Teach Us How To Pray

By  
Francoise DeCastro

One of the essentials of prayer is FAITH. It would take many hours to recall all the occasions on which Our Lord praised faith, or reproached men for their lack of virtue. Let us take only one example where faith shows itself in prayer — in shameless prayer.

"After this, Jesus left those parts, and withdrew into the neighborhood of Tyre and Sidon. And there a woman, a Canaanite by birth, who came from that country, cried aloud 'Have pity on me, Lord, thou son of David.' (Here is the act of faith in the Messiah and in his power). 'My daughter is cruelly troubled by an evil spirit'."

### The Test Of God

He gave her no word in answer (The silence of God: silence of God which is not a refusal, but a test of our faith, an invitation to seek Him more, to ask again, as the man waking his friend in the night. Not that God does sleep; not that He does not hear us the first time. But God loves our seeking of Him, and our praying while He is silent).

"But his disciples came to Him and pleaded with Him: 'Rid us of her,' they said, 'she is following us with her cries.' And He answered 'My

shamelessly yet humbly and confidently she pleads with the Lord. And He says, "Thy will be granted."

This is the answer of God to the "Thy will be done" of His children. This accounts for the miracles of the saints. They performed miracles because they had Faith. There is a saying — "the moron did not know it was impossible: so he did it!"

The Saints did not "know" that there was something God could not do. Of course we all believe that God is the Almighty. We say it and we believe it. But how often in our lives do we act as if we were not sure that God is Our Father and that God "can do it." We doubt. Thus, seeing our own weakness, we are afraid, therefore discouraged. God did not ask us not to be afraid. Fear itself became the daughter of God in the night of Gethsemani; Bernanos said). God did not ask us to be always strong. He knows what stuff we are made of. He made us! But He asked us to ask and to trust. And then, we will not work, but He will work in us.

Peter, when he saw His Master walking on the water, out of His great love for Him, threw himself into the sea, and also walked. At that point he "did not know" that he could not walk on the water. Rather he knew that not he, but His Master, could make him walk on the water. And he walked.

But he suddenly began to look around, and to realize what he was doing. At the

idea that he, a man, was walking on the water, he lost faith, was afraid, and sank. We too will sink, if we figure that by our own power, we are going to "restore the world to Christ." We will not do that. He will do it through us, provided we ask Him, and are not discouraged.

"And He told them a parable, shewing them that they ought to pray continually, and never be discouraged." (Luke, 18).

The story reminds me of the tale of a buddhist monk. This monk, or "guru," was so holy that he had many faithful disciples. One came to him one day, very excited, and said to him, "Master, I have just walked on the river, in your name. I had to come to you, from across the river. The waters were high. I began to swim, repeating your name again and again. And the waves lifted me, and I walked."

The Master thought this a lovely miracle. He went to the river and began to walk on it, saying "I, I, I." They never found his body.

### DATE NIGHT, THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page One)

But you did forget. You spent the whole evening having a good time and never thought of Communion in the morning. Somehow you aren't so interested in what he's saying any more. You can't go to Communion. You step out on the street. The cold air hits you. You don't care. An old man is staggering toward you and as he passes, you smell the alcohol. There is a bunch standing on the corner. One is telling a dirty joke. Another whistles at a passing girl. You feel sick. You pass a dark little window and you see a sign. "Jesus Saves." There's no light inside. Nobody is there. You look at the sign again. "Jesus Saves." Nobody seems to care.

You hear that jazz again. It sounds different now. It's faster and louder and more dissonant. You catch the tempo again. The tempo is different too. It's saying . . . no, it's screaming . . . "Play that jazz louder, Man! Play it louder! Play louder!"

### Do You Escape?

Does the tempo really capture you. Or do you escape into the tempo? Yes, that's it. You escape into the tempo on Saturday night. You want to escape. You want to get away! You want to be free!

From what, you wonder. What do people want to forget? Business worries? Troubles at home? Maybe they hate their jobs, or feel helpless and caught in economic traps. Maybe they are confused, or without love. Maybe they feel lost. And they want to forget it. They want to express their rebellion. They want a fast tempo, louder and louder to deafen their ears . . . to stifle their cries. Maybe it's the burden of a conscience they try to ignore. Maybe it's God they try to escape. Does God even exist for them?

You didn't think of God either. You forgot . . .

You wonder more about Saturday night. Why do people choose Saturday night to escape? Is it because God doesn't exist for them, and therefore they don't have to go to Church on Sunday? Yes! That's where "Saturday night" comes from. They can "sleep in" on Sunday morning. They don't have to think of God at all, (Continued on Page Four)



## DATE NIGHT, THE NIGHT

(Continued from Page Three)

even on Sunday. Sunday is no longer the day dedicated to God in a special way.

Saturday night has become Satan's night.

You feel sick again. There are so many people out. Men and women . . . and KIDS! How many are thinking of God? How many are drunk and can't think of anything? How many sins will they commit tonight? How many times will they stamp their heels on His face because they don't see Him lying there in agony on the muddy pavement? The way He must have lain when He fell under the cross.

## Sorry It's So Late!

You remember there is a Church a block away. You want to make a visit. But the Church is dark and the doors are locked. So you just stand outside the door, in the cold night air. You feel angry and ashamed and sorry. You want to cry.

The oil stove sputters and you look again at the shadows on the wall . . .

And suddenly, you know where you are. You're not lost any more. You know where you are, and you know why you're there. Hey! You know WHY you're there!

And you're so glad to be there. So very glad! You don't want to be any place else. You're glad it's Saturday night. And you're glad it's so peaceful . . .

It's clear to you now. This is why you're here. Because it IS Saturday night and you HAVE a date.

He isn't lying on the dirty pavement. He's standing in front of you, and He's all cleaned up and smiling at you. You have a DATE WITH CHRIST!

You smile sheepishly. You say, "Gee, I'm sorry I'm so late."

## A Story From Burma

By

Rev. U. Bordin, S.D.B.

(Father Bordin, a Salesian in charge of a vast mission field, with headquarters at 112 Commissioner Road, Rangoon, Burma, is now a staff correspondent for Restoration in the far east. He serves as such without pay, for we have no money. If you like his stories, please write him and tell him so. He has no money either. And he has so many many poor boys to care for and to teach! We beg your aid for him and his.)

There are not many converts from Buddhism in Burma, but those who come to Christ "on their own," are steady and devoted souls. We had one of them. His name was funny, perhaps. His name was Hilarious Gale. You could see goodness depicted on his face. He always smiled. And he always

prayed.

## He Loved The Mass

He was a "permanent way inspector" in the railway employ, and had always to be on the move. He tried to arrange his tours so as never to miss Mass on a Sunday. Whenever he reached a place that had a Catholic church, he would make a visit to the tabernacle as soon as work permitted.

Sometimes it happened the church was closed and no priest was there to open it. Then he would kneel in front of the door, saying "Jesus can see me just the same."

His Buddhist friends tried often to bring him back to the old faith, but failed. Then they resorted to mean methods. They reported to his bosses that he neglected his duties in order to follow his crazy new religion. Eventually they succeeded. Hilarious was demoted, made station master in one of the smallest towns on the line; and his pay was not even a fifth of what it had been.

You can understand how difficult it was with him when you know that he had a big family. When his friends saw the pitiable plight they had arranged for him — and how he persevered in his faith despite poverty and ridicule — they were sorry. But they were still determined to "rid him of his folly." They promised to influence his superiors in his behalf if he would go back to Buddhism. They failed again.

## Buddha Only Preached

"What did Buddha do for me?", he asked them. He answered that question himself, vehemently. "He did nothing for me. He only preached, while Jesus suffered and died for me — as well as teaching me how to live."

One day when a lot of them were arguing with him he said, "Is not religion like a family?" "Yes; of course," they said. He smiled and went on. "In a family there must be a mother. Isn't that true?"

Again they said, "Yes; of course."

"Well," Hilarious said, "you have no mother in Buddhism, while we do have one in our Catholic faith. Therefore, our faith is true."

That was an argument they could not answer. From that time on they did not molest him any more. And our dear mother rewarded him for his faith and love and devotion to her during nearly three years of trials, humiliation, and poverty. He was given back his former job. The first thing he did was to come to our school and ask that we sing the "Te Deum." We sang it.

## House Built On A Rock

By Mrs. Robert Rock

(Continued from November)

The afternoon flies by. The professor comes in after school yelling, "Hi, Mom, what's to eat?", while stuffing his pockets with cookies, raisins, string, baseball, rubber knife, apple. "Be prepared" is his motto for playtime. Tommy is up and ready to go again. As I ponder how I'll ever match that bounding energy of his with my own sagging system, Mary arrives with an offer that saves the day. "Mother, I'll take care of Tommy two hours and swing him and make sand cakes and plant back the flowers he pulls up — for a nickel." Darn good investment, I figure. "You talked me into it, honey."

Now I can get ready for the best time of day, when Daddy comes home. What can I have for dinner that won't bring on the remark, "Just what I had for lunch"? An amazing sidelight of a happy marriage is the fact that I usually know what Bob had for lunch. Dear God, how I do thank you for a predictable husband!

## Boys Are Different

And a very unpredictable little boy. "MOTH-ER!" Jeff flies in screaming. "I have to take a bath."

"Are you sick, honey?"

"Naw, but you see, Albert and me was . . ."

"Albert and I were!"

" . . . were playing with a little boy, and Albert's mother said he has itch and ringworm and lice, and me and Albert should ought to take a bath . . ."

"Get in the tub! Mercy! Put all your clothes in the laundry tub." Boys, boys. How in this world do they ever grow up WHOLE. But the "itch" is no problem compared to the one when I have to answer Jeff's carefully considered question, "Mother, do you suppose that little boy is a Protestant?"

## A Blessed Silence

Now the last of the day's Little Hours begins, marked by a beautiful, blessed silence. The children are asleep after having linked life on earth with their Heavenly destiny by the Family Rosary. Bob goes out for his nightly walk on which he says his "Franciscan" prayers, promising to put in a few words for us poor Carmelites.

It's time now for a chat with Blessed Mother, whose slave I am. Time for the Little Office, the great prayer of praise and admiration for the Mother of God. Blessed Mother must be getting accustomed to my meditations — if I may grace my thoughts with such a term — during the recitation of her Office. She is very much a part of the family.

Tommy ends his prayers

with "G'night, Bessie Birgie." Mary, of course, is her namesake; and Jeff is forever bringing in a lovely bunch of weeds with which to decorate his little shrine in her honor. His "shrine" deserves description.

## She Too Has A Boy

Centered on his dresser is his statue of Our Lady, which has been decapitated accidentally more than once and put together again. In a cheese glass at her feet are the weeds, usually sort of droopy but still pretty nice for a clumsy little boy. His precious statue stands there majestically, arms outspread as if to protect all that it surveys — all Jeff's "valuable and best things," as follows: two flashlight batteries, a roll of caps, a baseball glove, some rocks he found on an "expedition" back of the Rectory, some Indian feathers, a Roy Rogers hat, a jar of lighting bugs which have been dead six months, and my best paring knife. But after all, is it not an appropriate setting in which to honor Our Mother? For she had a little Boy.

Oh, Mary! It would be hard to be a mother if it were not for you. But we do have you. God gave you to us, and You gave God to us. God is changeless. If once He came to us through you, He will keep coming to us through you. Now you who are human but perfect can plead for us who are human but not perfect.

How well you know our problems and how beautifully you provide the answers to them: faith, simplicity, humility, purity, resignation and utter devotion. Surely we have our troubles, but none which you do not understand and none for which you have no answer.

You, my Mother, have shown us that the way to accept sorrows is to sanctify ourselves with them. You have shown us the fruit of sacrifice — eternal happiness. Who else but you, dear Mary, could be the model of nuns yet the model of mothers, the Queen of priests and the Queen of husbands, the best friend of saints and the best friend of sinners? Pray for us, Mother of God! Take our humble prayers and our daily work and give them to your Son.

## Saints In Heaven

Truly, dear Mother, I would have little to offer if you did not help. And even when I give my most precious possessions, Our Father gives me a greater gift. In these quiet hours, I'm thinking of my two little saints in Heaven, Peter and Jimmy. Peter was born and died when Mary was 13 months old. I, a human, was disappointed, to be sure; yet God gave me the grace to see that my sacrifice had its purpose.

Father Wheeler reminded me that we must, "Drink the chalice of the Lord with affection if we wish to be His friend and take part with

Him." (Imitation of Christ). We overcame the sadness and lifted our hearts. God is good. Soon we were expecting another baby. We eagerly awaited his arrival; and on St. Valentine's Day he came, little Jimmy, the most beautiful baby in the world. Oh, we became so attached to our baby. Attached—that is just the trouble; God wanted to show us about THAT. On Easter Monday, Jimmy went back to God.

Once again there was the great feeling of human loss. What emptiness there is in reaching for a warm, nestling little baby, only to find an empty crib! How this drives home the lesson of dependence on God, for we are totally helpless without the strength of God.

## A Lucky Child

Soon trust and reason had replaced the sadness of separation. Jimmy was with God and we could not want him back; he was a lucky little boy for in three months he had attained the goal for which most of us must struggle for years. Following our resignation, rich blessings began to fill our lives. There was the greater love between Bob and me; the closer union between us, the parents, and our children; the greater ease with which we could pray, for now we had a very personal share in Heaven. We had Saints of our own and we sought their intercession.

These blessings I think of and thank God for, in the beauty of the night. Tommy came along the next year, and indeed he was a Heavenly dividend. Then we got the house with lots of room for the children to live and play.

Now comes another blessing. The gymnastics going on beneath my heart are a brisk reminder of a new life and soul being formed there. In only a few weeks there will be a new baby in the family, God willing. This is our family's private season of Advent.

Even though this will be the sixth birth, I look forward to it with interest and excitement. Giving birth to a baby is a fascinating experience, especially if one keeps in mind God's divine plan. Just as saying Mass is the greatest act of the priesthood, so delivering a new soul is the greatest act of motherhood.

## A Baby And A Mass

I like to compare the birth of a baby with the Sacrifice of the Mass. In Mass the priest begins with prayers which increase in fervor and devotion until the supreme moment when the sacrifice of Calvary is renewed and Christ is born upon the altar. Bread and wine have been transformed by the priest into His Body and Blood. There follows Communion with Him, thanksgiving and rejoicing.

In childbirth, labor begins, and pains which encompass the mother's whole body increase in intensity and frequency and the sacrifice of birth seems overwhelming — then a baby is born. This child is a physical part of his mother and father, but God has breathed into him a soul which belongs to Him alone — a holy union of God and baby. There follows thanksgiving and rejoicing.

Now it is time to say "Good-night," dear God. Thank You for a very happy day. You know, dear God, I think I know just why it has been happy: The rains fall and the floods come and the winds blow and beat upon our house, but it does not fall — because it is built upon a Rock!

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